THE New Republic

Where Will the GOP Turn for A Candidate?

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THE PRESIDENT

How much may his illness alter our foreign relations, legislative actions and administration of government?

Eric Bentley on Orson Welles' "Othello"

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TV's Portrait of "Our Town"

Concluding Article on "Oil and Politics"

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

A heart attack at President Eisenhower's age (65 on October 14) probably puts him out of the 1956 running. Ike is an attractive figure, as we have pointed out in this column. He has fitted phenomenally into the mood of the time: prosperity, the status quo and moralistic overtones. He has transcended his party; no blame for Administration botches like that over the Salk vaccine touched him; he has achieved the extraordinary popularity of a constitutional monarch, and the common people's affection now goes out to him in this character. He held the rein so loose that his absence at first makes slight difference.

Affection for Ike, however, does not alter the brutal political realities. The Republican leaders have adopted the Indispensable Man thesis, and now they are stuck with it.

Of all the people who have put the matter starkly, we think, young Mr. Nixon did it most succinctly, last spring at Los Angeles. The GOP, he said, "isn't strong enough to elect a President," but must pick a candidate "strong enough to get the Republican Party elected." Exactly, Dick. Make a note of it.

Indeed, the cruellest cut of all in this sad business, we think, is to Nixon. For Ike himself we hope this illness may be slight, and that it will give him the doctor's certificate which was indispensable under his code for honorable retirement with Mamie to Gettysburg. But Nixon! He is the Dispensable Man. Ah, if only things could have been a bit different, a bit delayed. . . . It is only human to harbor such dreams even in genuine distress.

Nixon embodies to half the nation the reckless 1954 aspersions on the Democrats' loyalty. Bipartisanship dissolves the minute he is nominated, and out goes the "swing vote" of Democrats without which no Republican can win the Presidency.

If Ike is really out, then the cut-throat battle of succession starts. There seem to us to be three major types of contestant. First (as we said last week) there is somebody like the iron-willed tycoon, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey. He stands for exactly that business viewpoint which Ike cherishes but—alas for him—without that soft enveloping mantle of moralistic, platitudinous haze that so becomes the White House now.

A second possible source of an heir is from the California Group. As things shape this is going to be a really savage family fight, with the convention held right in California itself. There is opportunistic Nixon on one side; Senator Knowland on the other—a legacy from Taft and supporter of Chiang Kai-shek —and in between, astute Governor "Goody" Knight, the likeliest (to our thinking) of the three men.

The third focus of immediate attention is another Californian and ex-Governor: Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In type of personality he is the ideal man; in choosing him the GOP would use the same formula it used in picking Ike, going to a nonpartisan source for a national figure and, above all, getting a high priest as well as politician for the curious dual role of the Presidency. There is only one small point about this choice (or a carefully engineered convention "draft") that would be awkward; it would be an ignoble step. It would confirm a precedent set by the GOP for whiskered Hughes of putting the court in politics. But GOP leaders are desperate men. Warren we doubt not will repeat his earlier categorical rejection of the role, but also (we doubt not) informed outside conjecture will continue round his name.

One thing the situation underlines, the preposterous phase of American government in which the most efficient, scientific, richest nation on earth is thrown into violent uncertainty by the heart-beat of one man. There is no legal cabinet responsibility, there is no collective continuity, and, in fact, nobody really knows what constitutionally happens if the President lingers on a sick-bed half way between simple illness and incapacity. Nothing has been done in a third of a century between Wilson's stroke and Eisenhower's heart attack to fill this void which leaves the imperishable nation exposed at every minute to the chances of human mortality.

We do not see how the Republicans have much chance of recapturing Congressional control without Ike on the ticket. Statistics seem against them. Off hand, too, we should suppose Ike's influence in the next session of Congress would plummet if he seems unlikely to run again. A retiring leader loses his control quickly.

One deeper consideration disturbs us. Ike's role has not been negligible in the past three years. He has given Republicans a chance to govern again. Before that McCarthyism developed partly from the festering frustration of 20 years of Republican defeat. McCarthyism was respectable with GOP and newspapers, you remember, so long as Truman was the target. A few years back poisoned Republican partisanship held the State Department captive on China and Russia and largely thwarted Acheson. Much of the old venom has disappeared under Ike, partly from his own goodwill, partly from automatic processes involving the rotation of office. Ike rode a current that he did not seem to direct or, perhaps, even to understand. But though his three years have marked a revolution, the same sinister forces are still there in the background. Will they revive if Ike departs? And even if Adlai Stevenson or some other Democratic liberal takes over, is the mood of the country ready yet for further sweeping advance and another push forward?

Notes: In Sumner, Miss., an all-white jury acquitted two white men accused of murdering a 14-year-old Negro boy, Emmett Till, accused of whistling at a white woman, and Communists round the world got a new weapon against the United States. . . . And Harvard's President Pusey attacked the "incredibly misguided" assault of Seaborn Collins, head of the American Legion, against Hutchins' Fund for the Republic. Incidentally, this column last week incorrectly credited the Fund with financing the recent Legion report approving UNESCO; actually the report was prepared by a liberal faction within the Legion itself in which the Fund took no part.

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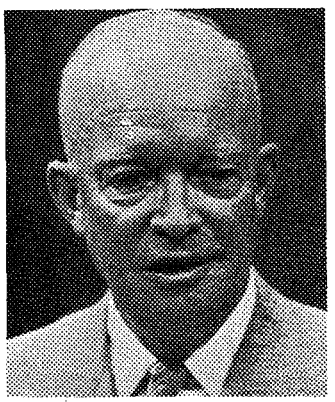
THE PRESIDENT

From Today To January, 1957

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER was "supported and assisted" when he walked the few steps to the car that drove him to Fitzsimmons Hospital. Even this exertion was dangerous for one who had suffered a coronary thrombosis. In the mildest of attacks, strain may cause recurring and fatal damage to the heart. The President's attack, coming after a long vacation and during sleep, was far from mild. Its severity will not be known for weeks in which we can only look, in hope of recovery, to the strength of a normally vigorous and carefree man. Beyond those weeks, all share the responsibility of minimizing the burdens borne by a stricken man.

Conservative medical practice forbids one who has suffered a coronary attack even to feed himself during the period in which the scar tissue is reforming around the heart. While months of rest may lead to recovery, an invalid in some degree remains in place of a physically self-confident man. It would be callous and reckless to press upon Mr. Eisenhower the heaviest of human burdens for another five years. It is wiser to assume that he will be partially incapacitated for the remainder of his present term in the White House, and to ask how his responsibilities can be best discharged.



President Eisenhower

To this grave question Vice President Nixon has a ready answer: there is no real problem. The President, Mr. Nixon maintains, has "set up the Administration in such a way that policies which are well defined will be carried out in his absence. The business of government will go on as usual without any delay because of the President's temporary absence." This view is echoed by Mr. Dulles, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Benson and other members of the Eisenhower Cabinet, and for the moment it may suffice. But if in the coming weeks physicians affirm that the outlook is not "the President's temporary absence" but his enduring disability, then "the business of government" will not "go on as usual without any delay."

In matters of routine, of course, the Vice President's argument stands: federal taxes will be collected; postmen will continue on their rounds. Nor will the President's absence in 1956 affect the broad areas within which each Department of the Federal Government has statutory powers. The law assigns to the Treasury responsibility for management of the national debt. The law controls the actions of the Secretary of Agriculture for the coming year. Foreign relations, save on a few notable occasions, have been directed by the Secretary of State. And in dealing with Congress and domestic politics, the powers of the Presidency have been handled from day to day by Sherman Adams and his staff.

Mr. Eisenhower delegated more of his powers than any President in this century. But whatever compensations may now result from his past attitude, great responsibilities remain that only the President of the United States can discharge.

"The Presidency of the United States," writes Harry Truman in his *Memoirs*, "carries with it a responsibility so personal as to be without parallel. Very few are ever authorized to speak for the President. No one can make decisions for him. No one can know all the processes and stages of his thinking on making important decisions. . . . To be President . . . is to be lonely, very lonely at times of great decisions." Those times continue, and with them the personal responsibility. The President encompasses in his personality all that is beyond the law. He sets the direction and pace of the national march. Even within the federal government he is the conductor without whom discord replaces harmony. That was clear in the months which followed after Woodrow Wilson suffered a paralytic stroke in September, 1919. The Cabinet met simply to inform itself on the functioning of each department. The Vice President was able to assume no part of the President's role. Congress went its own way and enacted 28 measures into law some good, some bad, without the President's required signature. The larger struggles on which leadership was essential were lost.

If reliable diagnosis should point to the continuing illness of President Eisenhower, then the fringes around the empty area of the Presidency will begin to be filled. The Cabinet will speak out on policy matters. The Democrats will prove at least as responsible as the President's own party in refraining from passing legislation which the President would wish to veto. The White House staff will continue to act on all matters on which Presidential policy is established. And the Vice President will assume

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as many of the powers of the White House as he can. Constitutionally, however, the Vice President has no right to assume any such powers. He is not the second officer of the government, but the chief officer of the Senate. His powers relate only to the Senate and give him no authority over the executive branch.

If, then, the President is incapacitated, the nation will be brought face to face with a tragic failing in the Constitution—the absence of a clear provision as to what happens when the President is ill.

Article 2 of the Constitution provides that:

> In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President . . .

Does "the same" refer to "the powers and duties of the said office" or to the office itself? When Presidents have died, Vice Presidents have assumed their roles. The assumption has followed that the office of the Presidency was transferred with the President's duties and powers. Accordingly Presidents who live but are incapacitated have resisted any transfer of their powers and duties in the belief that, once surrendered, those powers and duties could not be reclaimed.

President Garfield, during the 80 days in which he lived after being shot, refused to transfer his powers and duties to Chester Arthur because his Cabinet feared that the transfer would be permanent. For the same reason, in 1919, Woodrow Wilson's secretary and his personal physician ignored the plea of Secretary of State Lansing that the President's "incapacity" be confirmed so that Vice President Marshall might act in his place.

The suggestion that the powers and duties of the Presidency be divorced from the office is now revived by Walter Lippmann. He proposes that Congress, by concurrent resolution, and in response to a special message from President Eisenhower, should declare that the President is momentarily unable to discharge his powers and duties, and should confer these duties and powers, without the office, upon the Vice President.

The worth of this proposal lies in its provisional nature. It reserves Mr. Eisenhower's right to reclaim his powers and duties in the event that his health is restored. It withholds from Mr. Nixon the office that many Americans in both parties do not believe he should gain. Its weakness is that of all constitutional remedies to specific problems.

It is not logical to divide the office of the President from the duties and powers of that office. Mr. Nixon will hold no real power, and Mr. Eisenhower will continue to bear the burden of ultimate responsibility for the acts of his Administration while Mr. Nixon is absolved of the consequences of his acts. In addition, if Mr. Nixon continues to serve as Vice President then he will become both acting Chief Executive and Chief of the Senate, thus erasing the Constitutional division of powers. For this reason Dr. Edward Corwin has argued that no man who assumes the Presidential powers can retain his former office. And Daniel Webster among others held that once relinquished, the powers and duties of the Presidency could not be reclaimed.

If these arguments are valid, a provisional solution of the kind advocated by Mr. Lippmann may prove desirable but unattainable. Then, if the President's illness proves enduring, a shift in sentiment will be felt among the groups that determine Republican Party policy.

For the present, reaction to the President's illness centers in his ability to seek a second term. By now most Republicans should have reached the conclusion that a second term is too much to ask of a man whose reluctance to run, even before his present illness, was well known. If the inability of Mr. Eisenhower to serve actively as President becomes clearer, and the problems of his succession sink deeply into Republican minds the discussion will surely shift to the period between now and January, 1957, in which alone the Republicans can be certain that they bear the burdens and enjoy the benefits of federal office.

Before long, in public or in private, debate may point to the question: should Mr. Eisenhower resign? It is, of course, wholly premature to indicate the answer. Among other things, the President's own health may rule, making the question happily irrelevant or else tragically unavoidable. But if the President remains out of danger and yet in enforced seclusion

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and retirement the question will most assuredly arise.

In terms of the national interest, those who advocate Mr. Eisenhower's resignation will argue that the accession of the Vice President to the White House would heal the present fracture between the duties and powers of the Presidential office and the office itself. It will, they will hold, restore full authority to the executive branch at a time when decisions at the highest level, on disarmament, on farm prices, on all aspects of foreign and domestic policy cannot be long delayed.

Beyond these appeals to the national interest, the pressures of party advantage will soon exert themselves if Mr. Eisenhower's illness appears to be disabling. The Republican Party has gambled very heavily on the President's availability. Without him it faces a bitter battle for succession that is likely to end in electoral defeat next year. For this battle reflects beyond regional and personal jealousies, deepseated ideological conflicts that three years of the Eisenhower leadership have only begun to overcome.

The Democratic Party, in contrast, is substantially united. Its strategy of attacking the Republican Party, and of refraining from attacks upon the President has suddenly and miraculously proved to be the right one. Even now, when possible victory replaces the prospect of almost certain defeat, the Democratic nomination appears to be limited to Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman, two close friends with similar backgrounds and views who should be able to prevent their followers from indulging in a bitter-end brawl.

Among the Republicans only two men at present offer the happy prospect of gaining the Republican nomination without inflicting heavy wounds upon their party: the Vice President and Chief Justice Warren. The Chief Justice, of course, is a man of far greater stature than Mr. Nixon. But he has foresworn the candidacy and for persuasive reasons. He is the head of a concurrent branch of the government, and by resigning to run for the Presidency he would immerse the Supreme Court once again in the political atmosphere which during recent years it has struggled hard to shed.

The Vice President remains. In his present status he lacks the strength to be nominated without a battle, or to be elected. But if he comes to the convention and the election with the power and prestige that is commanded by any President of the United States, then his hopes and his party's prospects will substantially increase.

These views seem certain to press heavily upon the minds of the great industrialists, the wealthy contributors, the political managers who join to shape the future of the Republican Party. They in turn may press them upon President Eisenhower. The President, like all who have suffered from heart attacks, must believe in his own power to completely recover if he is to get well. Nonetheless, the prospect of unloading his burdens onto one eager to accept them may seem inviting.

And yet, however inviting these prospects may seem, we hope that the President will resist them for as long as he humanly can. For while Mr. Eisenhower retains a prospect even in partial retirement, of fulfilling any part of his role, he will continue to be an asset of the free nations.

He has never spread himself into the far corners of the federal government. But on the few occasions on which he has intervened his influence has contributed significantly to the maintenance of peace. The presence of Mr. Eisenhower in the White House, however inactive he may be from day to day, is an assurance to the non-Communist nations that there will be no unnecessary risk-taking in world politics. The same presence is regarded in the Kremlin as an assurance against preventive war and the promise of an atmosphere within which serious negotiations could thrive. In contrast Mr. Nixon's accession to the White House could direct the Kremlin to a more aggressive, less patient course.

"Mr. Eisenhower did not change our sound conservatism," said Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey last week, "but he brought to it a deep humanitarianism, a consideration of the needs of the people." But Eisenhower Republicans, like Senator Case, are not yet in control of the Republican Party, and the genuine supporters of Mr. Eisenhower should think twice before delivering his inheritance to one whose humanitarianism and consideration of the needs of the people has yet to be expressed in convincing form.

"The trouble with Mr. Nixon," wrote Walter Lippmann last month, "is that he is at best a recent convert to Eisenhower's kind of Republicanism. In his political connections and as a political operator he belongs to the opposition to Eisenhower. . . . He could not be elected if he were nominated and he would be beaten in the campaign which would divide and embitter the country. If he became President because of Eisenhower's disability he would almost certainly divide the great coalition which Eisenhower unites."

The Nixon of 1952 and 1954 is a raw and bitter image to many Americans and that image cannot easily be remade. In defense of the Vice President, James Reston of the *New York Times* has argued that Mr. Nixon had to write all his own speeches in the past whereas in meeting his new obligations, he will be aided by a large staff. But this curious argument suggests merely that the ghost writers will endeavor to conceal from now on what the man himself has already exposed so clearly. The dilemmas of living through the next 17 months with an invalid as Chief Executive are obvious, and the hardships may prove severe on the human being involved. If Eisenhower can stand the hardships the rest of us should endure the dilemmas with good cheer.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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Uncertainty Abroad

ONE OF the most unhappy consequences of President Eisenhower's heart attack must be a deep uncertainty in the world as to where American foreign policy goes from here. There are question marks over the immediate future because of the forced withdrawal of the President from daily and continuous influence upon great decisions, and towering unknowns in the further future beyond the 1956 elections. This must be true on both sides of the Iron Curtain, for friend, neutral and adversary had fallen into the risky practice of regarding American policy as something personified in Mr. Eisenhower, rather than institutionalized in something called the American Government. To say only that uncertainty must exist is to put the best face on things. A pessimist could persuade himself that the centrifugal forces of the Western alliance are bound to intensify in the degree that the cohesive symbolism of the Eisenhower personality loses strength, that it must lose strength when he cannot be at full effectiveness, and that a condition of international politics may result in which the prowling opportunists of the Kremlin could take prizes they had perhaps thought they must forget for a while.

It had been just about universally assumed overseas that five more years of Mr. Eisenhower lay ahead; that if he did not himself serve another term, his office would pass to another Republican of his choosing and with whom he could have an intimate role as elder statesman. There can be no certainty now of such continuity. There can be no certainty about what kind of Republican might succeed Mr. Eisenhower, no certainty that it would be a Republican, no certainty about what kind of Democrat a successor might be if the political cards fell that way. And to be uncertain about these things is to be uncertain, putting it baldly, whether the American course will continue toward peace, acceptance of the East-West status quo, and patient negotiation, or will turn in another direction better not defined too precisely in words.

The President, by his handling of successive crises and opportunities, and by his words, had come to mean to much of the world its best chance of living to see a workable living arrangement between Communist and non-Communist segments. The world knew that in the Indo-China crisis and again in the Formosa crisis, the President had stood against the hotheads pressing a case for American involvement and perhaps general war. At Geneva, the world had seen the President enter a tacit agreement that there would be no war over current issues.

Possessed of a unique political strength, he had managed things another American President in these times might well have found politically impossible. The acceptance of the status quo, at Geneva, was one. The slow but perceptible American movement toward a *modus vivendi* with the Red Chinese is another. To the new Soviet leaders he appeared to be, and may well have been, the only American leader who could carry out this end of a detente with the USSR.

The effective application of the President's political strength to the course of American foreign policy must be supposed, however, to depend in large measure on his being in fairly close and continuous touch with what is going on. For an indefinite period, such contact seems out of the question.

The world's uncertainty must be intensified by the special relationship the President has worked out with his "government," which had been noted abroad. It was a relationship in which extreme reliance was placed on delegation, and staff work. In foreign affairs, it frequently had unhappy results—at least up until the last minute. With delegation went freedom of speech. The result was, and friendly diplomats of great prestige, skill and experience complained seriously about this, that they really never were sure what American foreign policy was until the President himself spoke. Sometimes he waited until that last minute, and in the meantime they had to listen to Nixon, and Dulles, and Radford, and Carney, and then throw in further material from Knowland. But, after long and bitter experience, the diplomat learned to keep his patience until the decisive word came from the President and he could expect that finally it would.

Apprehensive as they may be at moving into a period in which the accustomed confusion may lack the reward of blessed decision at the end, governments abroad must also start all their broad calculations on American politics over again. Certainly the President had not finished his work of making over the Republican Party and now it must be doubted whether he can get it far enough along before 1956. Those abroad must consider the possibility that the Taft wing of the party might, in this situation, re-assert itself. Seeking to assess the legislative future of Eisenhower foreign policies, they must suppose that the coalition he formed between the executive and the center of both parties can prosper less if he is less able to work at maintaining it.

Without running over the whole field of possibilities, it can be supposed that the world can find much to worry about as it anticipates the prospect that Mr. Eisenhower will be at best a sideliner in 1956. The period from now until election, and perhaps a time after that, promises to be one long and ever more agonizing re-appraisal of American policies and politics for the rest of the world.

FREDERIC W. COLLINS

Frederic W. Collins, Washington correspondent for the Providence Journal, *reported the recent meeting at the Summit in Geneva.*

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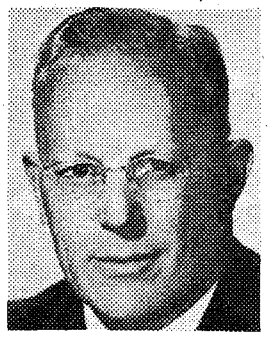
Consternation Within

AT THE recent meeting of Republican state chairmen, reporters kept asking the question: "What will you Republicans do if President Eisenhower decides not to run again?" The best answer—the one that expressed the attitude of all the party leaders present—was: "We'll jump off that bridge when we come to it."

Last week they came to it. And during the next few months they will be jumping.

As 1955, the vintage year of boom and peace, reached its autumn, the Republican Party had become the Eisenhower Party. As such, it was almost respectable. Adlai Stevenson could still describe it accurately as the party "of the rich, by the rich, for the rich." But these Eisenhower rich had nice manners and winning ways. They had the good taste to hide their McCarthyite cousins in the attic. They had the enormous personal popularity and political prestige of Mr. Eisenhower as an impenetrable shield. Without him—and they are without him—only one thing is certain: professional Republicans, left to themselves, will be Republicans again. There no longer will be any need to pretend that they revere the leadership and support the policies of Mr. Eisenhower. They will try to guess who is going to win the Presidential nomination next year and attach themselves to him as quickly and firmly as possible.

Chief Justice Earl Warren, the Republican who most nearly approximates Mr. Eisenhower's pattern and appeal, can be expected to stand by his recent statement that nothing could persuade him to leave the bench to re-enter active politics. He is almost as old as Mr. Eisenhower, and just as determined. Moreover, the professionals won't be enthusiastic about him even though he seems to be their party's best hope. Many of them would rather lose with a "real" Republican than win with a "liberal" Republican. Sen. Robert A. Taft was good enough for them in 1952, and one of his disciples will be good enough for them in 1956.



Warren

Republicans in Congress will revert to type and go their separate ways. Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, whose oily oratory has sounded vaguely pro-Eisenhower in recent months, can be counted upon to return to the protective good graces of the *Chicago Tribune*. Sen. William Knowland of California will go back to fighting Chiang Kai-shek's Washington battles. Sen. John Bricker of Ohio will again trot out his amendment to limit the executive's treaty-making powers. Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin will feel that there's life in the old cause yet.

Nixon

Republicans from the farm states will trample each other in the stampede to get away from Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson's flexible farm-price supports. But Secretary Humphrey's plan to take enough spending money away from the armed services to justify an election-year tax cut will enlist something approaching unanimous Republican support. Such projects as the Upper Colorado River Reclamation project, which Mr. Eisenhower has advanced as the answer to charges that his Administration is giving away public resources won't have a prayer.

Just who will run the Executive branch and how through the last year of the Administration, unless Mr. Eisenhower recovers sufficiently to assert some degree of leadership, it is too soon to tell. But if, as Nixon has blandly predicted, "the team" continues to carry on smoothly and harmoniously, it will be one of the miracles of the age.

Practically every Republican with a vote-getting record will consider himself a suitable candidate for Mr. Eisenhower's succession. None will be in a better position to transmit his self-confidence to others than Nixon. And none will try harder. However, such eligibles as Knowland, Bricker and Dirksen will try just as hard. Thomas E. Dewey is at liberty again, too.

However disorganized the Republicans and their Administration become, the country and its prosperous economy probably can survive the confusion. The outlook for the recently improved world situation is far less certain. "The spirit of Geneva" is a delicate bud. Under the President's tender care it might flower. Dulles has never thought much of its promise. Soviet policies apart, one danger is that it will now wither away and that full-out cold warfare will be resumed under the impact of domestic political pressures. Secretary Dulles has had no stomach for standing up to his party's right-wing and it is too much to expect that he will develop one now.

The most hopeful aspect of the Republican situation is that it is subject to involuntary treatment and cure in the Presidential and Congressional elections that are only 13 months hence. The second most hopeful thing about it is that the Republicans can be depended upon to help make the victory of the Democrats in 1956 about as certain as anything political can be.

POTOMACUS

Potomacus is the pseudonym for one of the most seasoned political reporters writing from Washington.

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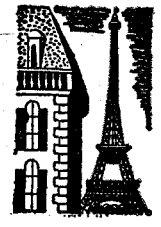
The Disaster of Vacillation on Morocco

EDGAR FAURE'S effort to play the middle against both ends has failed miserably, disastrously. The political crisis which began in North Africa has become the deepest, the ugliest, the most serious since the creation of the Fourth French Republic. For it brings into question whether France can really face the problems of political existence, let alone power, in the modern world.

Day after day for weeks the government promised a solution in Morocco; again and again there have been postponements with explanations that don't explain. Where is there another government whose head permits leading colleagues and appointees not only to disagree publicly with his decisions but openly to sabotage them? General Koenig, the Minister of National Defense, for example, has issued one communique after another to say bluntly that Premier Faure was lying when he announced unanimity in the cabinet on decisions about Morocco. And Koenig neither offers to resign nor is asked to.



Pierre Montel, chairman of the National Assembly's Defense Committee, goes to Morocco and tells Sultan ben Arafa that Faure's policy doesn't represent the feeling of the French parliament or people, and that he, ben Arafa, should hang on to his throne. Yet Montel is given the highest military and civilian honors in Morocco by the supposed representatives of the Faure Government.

These are only two examples, among many. They add up to something worse than immobilism on the part of the present French Government. Neither of the two Sultans of Morocco, deposed ben Yussef and presumably to-be-deposed ben Arafa, has formally given up his right to the throne, but Faure has come close to abdicating his authority and that of France.

The drama of Morocco is being played in Paris, and the most tragic dissidence is between Frenchmen—between members of a government falsely called united. If that were all, it might be considered a local mess. But the incident at the Gare de Lyon when some 500 conscripts mutinied is symptomatic. The shocking confusion engendered by the crisis at the top is seeping downward.

What is the explanation of Faure's conduct? Certainly not stupidity; he is an able, brilliant politician, and also an ambitious one. He knows that the logical choice for the head of the French Government is between two men who are more popular, each in his own way, than he: Antoine Pinay on the Right and Pierre Mendès-France on the moderate Left. Mendès-France believes that to govern is to choose. Pinay can say no as firmly and as boldly as Mendès-France can yes. Faure tried to say neither. Jean Farran, writing in the right-wing weekly *Match*, explains: "France . . . has been equally afraid of force and of generosity. . . . Governments for fear of being overthrown lean neither to the Right nor Left. . . . This is the policy of zero."

An issue of *France Observateur* was confiscated (the sixth periodical in France and North Africa so treated in recent weeks) for saying that the purpose of the struggle in North Africa is "to defend the estates of M. Borgeaud, the profits of M. Blachette, the mines of M. Aguillon, the brothels of El Glaoui, the arrogance of George Bidault and the vanity of Alphonse Juin." Yet, if that goes much too far, if there is a better reason for keeping hundreds of thousands of conscripts beyond their normal period of military services and recalling others only recently released, it has not been made plain to the French people. During the first weeks of the Moroccan crisis there was much talk of Communist agitation and of the responsibility of the Americans with their "unrealistic anti-colonialist ideas." But most of the French have come around to the recognition that the blame lies with their government and with themselves. For many other things are going wrong elsewhere than in North Africa.

A wave of serious—and ugly—strikes is sweeping the country. In many of them the anti-Communists and Communists form a single front; in some cases the unions divide.

In Paris a total bus strike, and a partial subway strike, brought many cars into the city from the suburbs. The result was a series of stupendous traffic jams, tying up whole neighborhoods for as long as four or five hours. The police were as paralyzed in Paris as the government has been in North Africa. The effect was to call attention to the repeated and unfulfilled promises of traffic modernization.

Business profits are still high, prosperity is still here, the government is confident that inflation isn't to be feared; but the stock-exchange talks of devaluation of the franc, prices are starting to inch upward, promised reforms of the tax structure and of the Constitution haven't taken place.

It is true that the 4,000 remaining gas street lamps of Paris are being replaced by electric lamps. But the rate of change is two a day.

The present French crisis does more than bring into question the ability the present men, using the present methods to cope with major problems and keep France somewhere near an emergent Germany in terms of European power. The saboteurs of the Faure compromise on Morocco simply don't understand the moral principles and the social discipline that the times require. The case of the Gaullists is most glaring. Men like General Koenig went into politics as supporters of General de Gaulle's plea for the restoration of the authority of the French State. If General Koenig disagrees with the policy of the government of which he is a member strongly enough to try to wreck it, he should, in logic and decency, get out of that government, and then try to destroy it. At present, staying in office, he is weakening not only Faure, not only the government, but also France and any chance she may have of working and earning her way back to de Gaulle's dream of recaptured glory.

De Gaulle is out of politics, recognizing and admitting the bankruptcy of his leadership. Pinay, after first siding with Koenig against Faure and then shifting to a neither-for-nor-against position conveniently took ship for America. It won't be Pinay who will have the courage to provide moral leadership.

Only one man remains. The battle of Pierre Mendès-France, when it comes, will, by force of circumstances be a Battle of France.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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Independence in Its Infancy

Progress toward democratic and responsible national sovereignty is apparent as the peoples of Indonesia and Malay cast their first ballots

I. Indonesia's First Election

THE MOST important day for Indonesia since the morning in 1945 when Sukarno and Mohammad Hatta met in a white house on a Djakarta side-street to write the Proclamation of Freedom is Thursday, September 29 — the day of the first election for this nation of 80 million.

During the 10 years past, Indonesia's progress from colonial servitude toward working democracy has been hampered by a British occupation army, a war against the Dutch, a Communist revolt, a couple of separatist movements, and by the recurrent threat of an army *putsch*. Indonesia has nevertheless managed to keep going under its revolutionary leaders, utilizing appointive parliaments and an unwieldy system of government inherited from the Dutch. With the election of a responsible parliament, however, a new era can begin to begin.

There are in Indonesia about 70 towns and cities, 46,000 villages which have at least three voting places apiece. Some of them must send in their count by mountain trail or by motor boat. There are election boards which have not yet received ballot-boxes, or have got bundles of ballots intended for someone else; this can hold up an entire province's count. Even under the most favorable conditions the tally of proportional representation of ballots is slow.

Indonesia is over-endowed with political parties (the names and symbols of about 50 will be submitted to the voters) — all of them favoring a stronger national state with a higher standard of living, a state uncommitted in the Cold War.

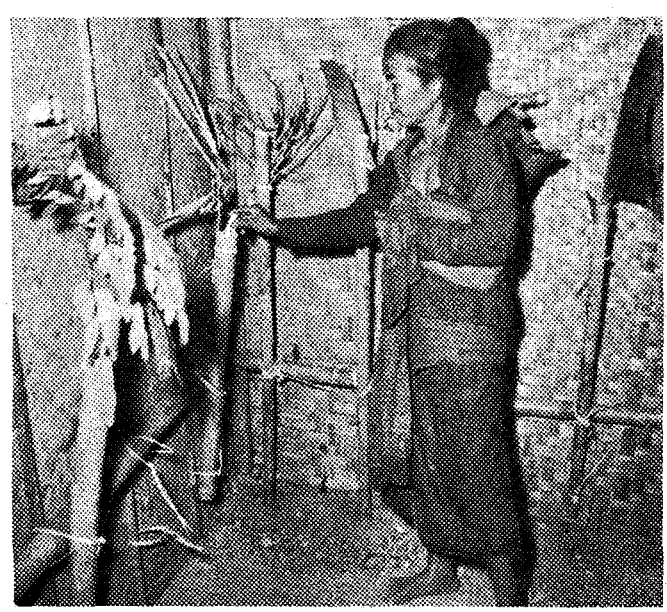
Most numerous of the parties are the nationalist ones, and the most influential of these is the *PNI*, the *Partai Nasional Indonesia*, formed in 1927 under the chairmanship of Sukarno, then a young engineer. Anti-colonial and anti-capitalist, that *PNI* worked so vigorously for economic and political independence that the Dutch outlawed it and clapped the leaders in prison.

Above all else, *PNI* is nationalistic. Reunion of Irian (West New Guinea) with the rest of the former Dutch colony is a favorite principal theme for campaign speakers, often coupled with oratory that is anti-Dutch, anti-colonial, anti-federalist, anti-foreign capital. The pens of some *PNI* editors occasionally go one line further and become anti-American. Yet most of the *PNI* program is not negative, and among its leaders are some of Indonesia's most constructive thinkers.

There appears to be a contradiction here, and there is. Within *PNI* leadership exists a serious three-way split. The heroes of revolutionary days have had the prestige and most of the offices; the group which developed during the Japanese occupation carries on much of the party work; while a third, younger group is so close to the more advanced ideas of the Muslim *Masjumi* and the *Partai Sosialis Indonesia* (*PSI*) as to be almost incompatible with the first two groups. Flying with three wings would be a feat too difficult even for the *Garuda*, the mythical super-eagle that is the symbol of Indonesian nationalism. Not illogically, when Wilopo, leader of the third wing, was prime minister a couple of years ago, it was the contrary motion of the other two wings that brought him down.

A member of this third *PNI* group assured me that "the breakthrough of the younger generation" will come. "The old guard can see no further than *Merdeka* — freedom. We can see the whole world."

The *Masjumi* is the leading Muslim party in the world's largest Muslim country, and not incidentally it



Villager casting vote by party symbol

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is the largest of all Indonesian parties. Many of the key men in it are involved in the modernist or reformist movement in their religion. Under the leadership of ex-prime minister Mohammad Natsir, *Masjumi* has become a strong anti-Communist force, liberal in both social and economic policy, friendly to foreign experts and foreign capital. This party's platform calls for the establishment of an Islamic state, and while the blueprints for such a state have not been circulated, it would presumably be based on the "religious socialism" that members of the Party Council preach.

Mohammad Natsir

Masjumi's Natsir is a slim Sumatran whose vigorous movements and gestures mock the title of respect, *Pak* (father), which his party workers invariably employ. He thinks and talks with the assurance of a man who has prepared himself for the big job — to be prime minister with an elected parliament and enough time to execute a program. He has plans for education — "more technical schools; Indonesians have living minds, dead hands!" He has plans for ending the menace of the *gerombolans*, the gangs of dissidents. Concerning foreign investments, he says, "Why use our money to buy an operating oil field when you can invest in a new source of wealth?" In this he is very close to the socialists of the *PSI* and expects to work with them, even if his party should win enough seats so that a coalition isn't mandatory.

Natsir believes he can deal with the army that overthrew the Ali cabinet. "During the eight months as both prime minister and defense minister [in 1950-51]," Natsir says, "I found you can be strict and straightforward with the military, on the condition that you are honest and are a person fighting for freedom."

The socialist *PSI* is an exceptionally well-led and effective group of evolutionary socialists. It is strong among students and intellectuals; it is campaigning heavily among labor (where the Communists have a strong organization) and farmers (where they do not). The party's main interest is in creating, not nationalizing existing facilities ("there isn't enough wealth here to redistribute," says the chairman). *PSI* is, thus, no threat to Standard-Vacuum's oil wells. *PSI* is the party of Sjahrir, leader of the nationalist underground during the Japanese occupation, and Indonesia's first prime minister, who may become foreign minister in the coalition cabinet formed after the election. Sjahrir is a confident, laughing-eyed, soft-spoken leader with a remarkable gift for encouraging and inspiring the young.

The other major contender in the election is the *Partai Komunis Indonesia (PKI)*, a hard-working, Moscow —and Peking—sympathetic, abusively anti-American, well-financed and efficiently organized group of campaigners. Oversized statues of Lenin and Stalin stand in the lobby of its Djakarta headquarters.

Communist Indonesians are a most industrious lot. Said one observer: "*PKI* isn't a party, it's an army." Before the World Peace Conference this summer, party workers from the cities went far into the rice-lands circulating their petitions. Hammer-and-Sickle signs have appeared throughout Indonesia with greater frequency than any emblem except the Crescent-and-Star. Climbing Mt. Merape, Javas most dangerous volcano, I saw *PKI* signs in the last street of the highest inhabited village.

Yet the Communists' probable vote is not a quantity proportional to their activity. In patriotism, the nationalists outrank and can outshout them. Chou En-lai's message to the Bandung Conference praising the rights of atheists has been broadcast in every mosque in the country. The Communists were early-birds in the Indonesian trade-union movement, yet workers may remember only the past two years — when with Communists supporting the government, the Red-led unions held back from striking, and their workers made few gains.

How has the campaign been conducted? If an observer expects telethons, rival torchlight parades and great commotion, he will be disappointed. Except during the revolution, Indonesia has always been a land of coffee and conversation.

Each Friday the party leaders have scattered out from Djakarta to carry the word to East Java, South Sumatra or West Kalimantan. They've followed similar routines: conferences with organizations, especially of labor and peasants; pep-talks with party officials; and early on Sunday morning a mass rally in the provincial capital. Most Indonesians, nine-tenths of them, live in *kampongs*: picturesque villages amid the rice-fields, villages in the mountains, almost identical but not-at-all picturesque villages set right in the cities. From the President's Palace in Djakarta, it is the same distance to the nearest *kampong* as it is to the leading hotel.

The two big religious parties have been able to campaign in the *kampongs* through religious leaders, including the very influential religious teachers. Some of the most vigorous anti-Communist arguments of the entire campaign have been delivered as sermons in the mosques.

The Communists and the Socialists, and to a limited extent the *Masjumi*, have worked on members of their labor unions.

THE third kind of "influenced voter" is the one who does what he's told by his *lurah* (village head). Because many people who'd been working in local government since colonial days moved naturally into the nationalist movement and into the *PNI*, and because traditionally the advice of *Pak-lurah* is a command, there could be a large pro-Nationalist vote in the villages. But right here is the biggest question-mark of

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the campaign. Indonesia was once a rather orderly feudal society of people saying *"Saja, Pak!"* (Yes, Sir!) to their superiors, from *lurah* and priest on up to their sultan and Dutch overlord. That neat system has been in the process of breaking down, but how far, nobody knows. Nobody knows whether local leaders are still authoritative enough to tell their villagers how to vote. Nobody knows who will emerge strongest when *lurah*, priest and union-boss give conflicting directives.

To get the *kampong* vote that declines to be directed, door-to-door operations have been systematically carried on by Communists and *PSI*, both of whom may have learned from the West. In a Sundanese town comparable to an American county-seat, a *PSI* district leader showed me his system for button-holing every voter first, and then getting the favorable ones out on election day. It was organized right down to precinct workers.

Another means for reaching people in the *kampongs* has been the village-level political meeting. I watched such a meeting in one rural area. It was low-pressure and low in attendance. It was conducted by one of the religious parties among villagers already strongly committed to support of the Faith. The speakers didn't explain the party's national, social and economic programs; nor did they discuss the villagers' problems. Yet nobody was disappointed, for Indonesians do not share our strong feeling that all things must have a beginning, a middle and an end. The meeting took place — this was enough.

However, in Garut, a beautiful and fertile district which is unhappily besieged by bandit gangs, I watched the *PSI* use the village meeting extremely effectively. I went to Sukasari, a *kampong* so far into the hills that each night the people must move to the safety of a place that has an army detachment, leaving behind an armed guard to defend rice stores and vacated houses. These people have a problem, and at an inspiring three-hour political meeting — attended by every man, woman and child in the village — the *PSI* tried to assure them that the new kind of government, responsible elected government, could begin to solve people's problems. The villagers were touched; it was the first time anybody from Outside had come to talk with them.

To this observer, the election-day chances of the Muslim *Masjumi* and the Socialist *PSI* are good — barring the collapse of the Indonesian economic system in the next three weeks. In his big, old-fashioned house in Djakarta, Mohammad Natsir has been meeting people and making post-election plans. In Tugu-Selatan, the West Java village where I live 50 miles from Djakarta, the *Masjumi* victory is pretty much taken for granted. The village is strongly religious; the religious leaders are strongly *Masjumi;* the party expects 80 or 90 percent of the vote. This is not an area of extraordinary stresses, there have been no political rallies here, and not many people have traveled to where meetings *are* held. No Indonesian bothers to rip down an opposing party's emblem, unless the Hammer-and-Sickle is nailed to the door of the mosque. In houses that have radios, people listen, not for oratory and newscasts, but for *wayang golek*, the Sundanese puppet opera.

It is true that the price of rice is soaring while in the lush, gold-crowned paddy-fields, mice eat a quarter of Tugu's most important crop. The price of sarongs is mysteriously down, whereas kerosene is high and in the shops there's no salt. Thirty-three acres of good village land are idle because there is no irrigation.

There are important matters to Tugu-Selatan — but they have nothing to do with the election. Elections are to choose governments — something down in Djakarta. Mice don't appear on the ballot. DAVID LANDMAN

II. Transition in Malaya

ALMOST the first act of the government which came into power last month after Malaya's first national elections was to insist that the British High Commissioner offer an amnesty to the Communist terrorists in the jungle. He agreed, and although this sweeping gesture of clemency may not bring the Malayan "Emergency" to an end, it is likely at all events to remove the last vestiges of support the terrorists extract from the rural people. The bandits are on their last legs, and this gesture marks probably the last turning point in a stubborn war which the Malayans and British have been waging for seven years in the thickest jungle in Asia. It is a convenient occasion for assessing the significance of that struggle.

Down the small pod-shaped peninsula, about 500 miles long and 100 wide at its widest — the stalk of the pod comes out of Thailand, the tip is Singapore island—runs a backbone of high mountains. On the west side they break away fairly abruptly, leaving wide coastal plains about equally divided between rubber estates, tin-mining areas and farmland (mainly *padi*). On the east the mountains spread, in deep ridges, nearly to the sea, leaving room for very little cultivation and few towns. All the mountain areas, four-fifths of the country, is cloaked in thick jungle—a Turkish Bath of steamy, silent twilight.

That forest has always housed aborigines and bandits. Bandits are nothing new to the Malayan Police, not even Communist bandits. What *was* new in the Communist-led insurrection that began in June, 1948, was the scale of the banditry. The Japanese occupation bred bandits by the thousands, and they enjoyed the unique experience of being encouraged and even armed by the Allies so as to make them a potent anti-Japanese irregular force.

The Communists, who in any case provided the most efficient leadership and personnel of the gangs, naturally

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seized this opportunity to build up a long-term army for their ultimate objective, the seizure of the country.

When liberation came, the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army consented to be disbanded and to surrender its arms. But in fact, it surrendered only a portion of its arms. At the same time it kept in being a secret army, a framework of cadres in the jungle and reserves outside. Communist Party leaders got away into the jungle; the murders of European planters began. The Communist Party Central Committee's plan was for a co-ordinated assault all over the country in the autumn of 1948, aimed at the establishment of small "liberated areas" which would expand and amalgamate into a People's Republic. But the bandits never won their "liberated areas," and the reason they did not was that the rank and file of the Police—underfed, ill-armed, ill-housed, with scanty uniforms and all too little retraining—did not surrender or run when their posts were attacked without warning in the dead of night by bands of heavily-armed gangsters outnumbering them 10 or 20 times.

There were fewer than 200 European officers in the Police on the ground in June, 1948. A fifth of them were killed in the first 12 months. From the cloak of mountainous jungle, gangs of bandits could issue in any direction at any time. Anybody who gave information to the Security Forces would probably be betrayed and dead the following night. Mines and rubber estates were constantly raided; planters were besieged in their bungalows. Buses were burned, trains derailed. The bandits would cut a pipeline and ambush the party that came to repair it. Laborers refusing a contribution of food or money would be tied to a tree and slashed to death while their families were forced to stand and watch. Everything that moved on the roads, especially if it carried arms or food, might be ambushed; in the fourth year they ambushed and killed the British High Commissioner himself.

Very quickly the government discovered that it was useless to throw large bodies of troops into the jungle. A company of the Guards, say, would painstakingly "sweep" a segment of jungle known to contain a bandit force—three or four days of thrashing about in the morass and ant-ridden, leech-infested undergrowth. All they would find would be a dying aborigine or two and an abandoned encampment. On the way back to base, the company would be heavily ambushed.

In a very limited sense, the Korean War saved Malaya. It averted a possible excursion by the mainland Chinese in support of the bandits—though there has never been much sign that Mao Tse-tung thinks very warmly of the Malayan Communists. It certainly produced a boom in Malayan rubber and tin which diverted the minds of many Malayans from any wish to disturb the profitable economy or to be out of the running for their share of the pickings, and it provided the Malayan Government with substantial funds to fight the battle.

But the biggest single weapon used against the insurrection was the resettlement, in 500 or so new villages, of the half-million squatters from the jungle fringes. They were gathered in (during 1951 and 1952) from their isolated huts and *kongsis* into brand-new places of habitation prepared somewhere nearby. Each family was given an area of ground and a sum of money to build a wooden house and make a garden. If most of the squatters were vegetable cultivators, land around the new village was acquired and leased to the villagers on a basis of four acres to a household. The resettlement was so arranged that the rubber-tappers or mine-workers were still within bicycle reach of their work. The villages were double-fenced and provided with watchtowers, perimeter floodlights, and a Police post.

As soon as the villagers were installed, the District officer came down and talked to them about a village committee—a committee to run their own affairs; build their own schools, pave their roads, develop open spaces as playgrounds, erect shops, a community hall, possibly a temple, and generally keep order. At first a European official was generally posted to the village as Resettlement Supervisor, not to lay down the law so much as to act as advisor and channel of communications with the power that be. Today his place has generally been taken by young, educated Chinese trained for the job. Villagers were encouraged to create their own Home Guard, and at this moment the greater part of the defense of these Malayan villages—inhabited by people who three or four years ago were the devoted servants of the bandits—is entirely in the hands of their Home Guard.

As a result, the gangs in the jungles, cut off from their original source of supplies by the resettlement of the squatters and cut off from the outer country by a network of road checks and patrols, are desperately short of food, of medicines, of clothing. The rigorous limitation of the movement and sale of food is the one certain way of hitting the bandits. But none of this could have been effected without the willing co-operation of the mass of the people.

The credit for this co-operation between the people and the government goes primarily to General Sir Gerald Templer, who arrived like a thunderbolt during the crisis of 1952 and achieved an astonishing resuscitation of confidence among all communities—confidence primarily in the ability of government to defend them. Templer really cared what the village policeman felt—about his boots or his food or his quarters—and he made everyone else concerned care too. When he paid his first visits to new Chinese villages — and he visited every single one—he would be greeted with the deference due to his rank. After a few minutes there would

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be a suggestion on the impassive faces that here was a man to whom it might be well to accord respect, even at some future date a measure of trust. Before he left the village, there would be visible a gleam, an almost open admission, that here was a man who might even have understanding.

Malaya, of course, is a country (or a climate) in which galvanic shocks wear off rather quickly; lassitude lurks in every chair. But, by repeated doses, Templer's impact was maintained. Government officials all over the country became acquainted with the human environment of their job in a way most unusual in the Far East. They got out and about; they talked to the people; they were alert to what was going on in their locality; they took a personal interest in any reflection or backwash of the Emergency. At the same time the members of the public began to feel that the Emergency was not just something that the government was dealing with. Finding government officers as a whole much more approachable and interested than before, they felt they might try to take a hand in these activities which the officials were talking about—Home Guard, Auxiliary Police, volunteer services, community development schemes, community liaison committees and so. Shopkeepers and villagers began to co-operate readily instead of apathetically in food control measures. Tamil laborers, peddlers, roadmenders, fishermen began to pass on the little bits of information that might have something to do with the bandits—trivial, comparatively safe little bits of information—which, before, they would not have bothered to pass on, largely because it would have been unlikely that a government official would have listened to them. Mine managers and planters stopped "beefing" in the clubs about the insufficiency of patrols, the slowness of communications, the inadequacy of the arms and training of the Special Constables who guarded their estates and mines.

THIS coming-together of government and people for the purpose of the Emergency was greatly promoted by Templer's expansion of the Information Services. They were built up in 1952, to what was probably, for its size, the most powerful propaganda weapon ever seen. The major part of its function was direct psychological warfare upon the bandits in the jungle (which produced, for example, a surrender rate from the Communist forces approximately 400 times better, in terms of expenditure and results, than had been achieved in Korea); but it was also directed substantially to the rural people—the peasants and villagers, the laborers on estates and mines, the fishermen, the small shopkeepers, the school children, the women working in the fields—all the thousands of rural people untouched by the big town newspapers and the radio.

Nearly a hundred teams of field officers speaking all the languages and equipped with mobile cinemas, tape-

Training in the Malayan jungle

recorders, gramophones, loudspeakers, etc., and including trained singers, stage-managers and band-leaders, were based in the rural areas and toured the villages and settlements day and night. They talked and sang and gave cinema shows and organized entertainments, not only about the Emergency, but also about village committee elections, voters' registration, eye diseases, clean food, sanitation, the government's travelling clinics, the new education policy, rural industries and crafts, co-operative societies, Women's Institutes—the whole range of social welfare activities in which government and people have a mutual interest.

The upshot of this education in social affairs and this orientation of private life against the bandits is a remarkable cohesion between government and people. Whether this endures will depend in large part on the coalition of the two main communal parties—the United Malay National Organization, and the Malayan Chinese Association, which easily won in the first national election last July. Will this alliance stand the test of office? Will power corrupt it?

Fortunately, the newly-elected leaders are still on good terms with their British mentors. A British Cabinet Minister, the Colonial Secretary, was there on the day they took office and he did not bat an eyelid when the Malayan Chief Minister proclaimed an inexorable necessity that the British get out within four years.

If the new Malayan nation of 6.5 million people remains—as it is very likely to remain—with the British Commonwealth, the wind will have gone out of half the Red sails in Asian waters. An independent Malaya—strong enough, with our aid, to protect itself against assault, uninterested in Red propaganda, with its rubber estates in full swing and its huge mineral wealth in full exploitation—will be a potent force for peace and stability in Asia. J. B. PERRY ROBINSON

David Landman, a free-lance writer for major magazines for the past eight years, has been living and working in Java since January.

J. B. Perry Robinson's Transformation in Malaya *has recently been published in England.*

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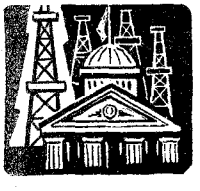
OIL AND POLITICS—VI

Where Politicians Fear to Tread

by Robert Engler

"SHOW ME another questionable oil appointment and I'll challenge it," asserted Sen. Charles W. Tobey shortly before his death in 1953. The venerable New Hampshire Republican was being asked to compare the role of oil in the Eisenhower Administration with his experience during the 1946 hearings on the nomination of oilman Edwin Pauley for Under-Secretary of the Navy. At that time his well-known moral indignation had been aroused by the disclosures about the machinations of California oil corporations, big and small, in relation to public opinion, politics and legislation in the state and nation. Those hearings had offered some insights into the standards of morality of segments of the industry, the legal profession and certain politicians. Revealing, although fragmented, evidence about the complex financial relationship linking Standard of California with several "independents" was introduced. The concern of the industry about "tidelands" and "conservation" became clear. Disturbing charges about huge sums of money solicited from oil in return for the settlement of federal antitrust suits were raised, although never resolved. Harold Ickes recounted his version of "the rawest proposition that has ever been made to me" — Pauley's reputed statement (denied vigorously by the former Democratic Party treasurer) that he could raise $300,000 for the party from oilmen if the government would not press its offshore oil suit. Concluded Tobey: "Oil permeates a good deal of our life, it permeates the halls of legislatures; it permeates the Congress."



The late Senator's penchant for badmen, whether crude hoodlums, venal businessmen or slick politicians, successfully tuned in to a basic American response. The stigma of "oilman" became too strong. And to some it evoked memories of oil's recurring target of control of the naval land petroleum reserves. Pauley's nomination, presumably a stepping stone to his succeeding James Forrestal as Secretary of the Navy, was withdrawn.

Granted Tobey's willingness to embarrass his own party in power, the fundamental problem concerning oil in a democratic society is not that of self-seeking individuals or evil or ignorant men of wealth. The industry has more than its share of intelligent and even public-spirited persons, despite the publicity accorded the grasping, the ostentatious and the primitive.

The Pauley hearings barely lifted the curtain on oil and on the larger questions. For oil is in politics at every level of our political life, from the relationship of the company proration engineer with the state regulatory commission and the refinery manager with the local chamber of commerce all the way up to the intimacy of the top oil executives with our State Department and military planners at home and with our embassies abroad. Oil's private machinery of government operates nationally and internationally. It exercises control over resources, capital, research, markets and men. Patent interchanges and controls, the techniques of price determination, leadership and enforcement, the pipeline operations, the concentration of refining capacity, the joint overseas investments, the interlocking directorates through common banking and investment house ties and the trade associations are essential elements that bind the presumably sovereign corporate units into the empire of oil. This private government blends with public government wherever oil has a stake. And tied in with oil are the policies of the basic industries in other sectors of the economy also characterized by corporate giantism. Frequently, these interests work in close harmony through their business operations. For example, Standard Oil (New Jersey) jointly owns the Ethyl Corporation, holder of important patents used by other oil refiners, with General Motors which in turn is closely related to du Pont. The Texas Company (Texaco) and United States Rubber are together in synthetic rubber.

Nor is the issue simply that of size. Bigness is a product of industrialism and its contributions are apparent. Most oil has been found by the wildcatters; yet the entire industry, dominated by the integrated companies, has contributed to the raising of material comfort and standards of living. There has been tremendous waste in oil and gas production, as has been true with all our natural resources. But even this has not yet proved to be disastrous to a country so blessed with abundance.

The history of oil mirrors the evolution of modern capitalism from the pioneering shoestring competition of the early Pennsylvania producers to Jersey Standard's $344 million net income *for the first half* of 1955. It underscores the imperative for the American people to face up to the realities of modern industrial life. Gone or disappearing, save in peripheral areas of the economy and in the coy advertisements of the giant trade associa-

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tions, is the social and economic environment of the small independent businessmen and farmers upon which our theories of political democracy have been premised. In its place are vast private systems of power. "Revisionist" historians may deplore the earlier American concern with economic power and any fresh raising of questions about the impact of these new structures on our institutions and values. Impressive arguments are advanced by thoughtful men like David Lilienthal for accepting and adjusting to this newer pattern of power, as impressive as the bigness and the resultant economic benefits themselves. And learned economists like Harvard's Sumner Slichter reassures us that "the argument that bigness threatens our political liberties is without foundation. If there is any one handicap that bigness possesses, it is the lack of political influence."

THE general systematization and rationalization of economic and political life fundamentally derive from men's increasing understanding and control of nature and things — his science and technology. This mastery, symbolized by hybrid corn, television and atomic energy, has made people everywhere aware in most dramatic form that hunger, disease, floods, isolation, ignorance and the political and economic institutions based upon these conditions of scarcity are not an inevitable part of human fate. This is the stuff of which fundamental social revolutions are made, whether the setting be feudal Asia, colonial Africa or industrial America and Russia. It has also opened the door to the potential of control over great masses of people by a relatively small number of men. And beyond any conscious planning, the machine and its creations possess a dynamic of their own which impose new demands upon their presumed masters while challenging the rational and humanistic assumptions of a liberal society.

Rockefeller and his equivalents saw an essential incompatibility between the logic and order inherent in modern technology and a jungle code of economic behavior evolving from individualism. They substituted in oil and other areas essential to the development and security of the nation a private order.

The corporation, representing one aspect of what has been described as the organizational revolution, with its counterparts of big government, big labor, big mass media, big education, big entertainment, is the characteristic institution of this new society. Its responsibility to the company stockholders, more fiction than reality in corporate life, is an inadequate public safeguard. The board of directors of the huge Standard Oil (New Jersey) holding company, controlling some 200 subsidiaries throughout the world with assets of more than $6.5 billion, is a self-governing and self-perpetuating bureaucracy. Internally the modern corporation is basically an authoritarian institution. The impersonality of board and committee decisions effectively conceals responsibility from the public as well as the participants themselves. The corporation neither welcomes nor rewards free and individualistic thought, helping to create a new kind of personality whose guiding rule is, in the words of former General Electric vice president T. K. Quinn, "don't stick your neck out."

Responsibility of the oil industry to the consumer through the competitiveness of the marketplace generally takes place within carefully defined bounds, despite the much heralded "four stations to an intersection" with their battles of brands and additives. The vaunted "independents" in production, refining or distribution appear considerably less like the historic image of a capitalist entrepreneur after careful examination of their economic bargaining relationships. One retailers' association witness insisted before a Senate Small Business Subcommittee investigating the current New Jersey gasoline price wars, "it is impossible for any gasoline dealer anywhere in the United States to hope to profit from his ingenuity. His welfare and his future are always in the hands of his supplier." When Standard of California began to invade the East seeking a share of the markets that traditionally are controlled by Socony, Esso, Sun, Texas, Tydol and Gulf, thus upsetting their fixed retail prices, "we became a battleground. They held our coats while we fought it out." It has been estimated that as many as one-third of the nation's 200,000 service-station operators go out of business each year.

Responsibility to the oil workers' unions is heavily limited by the latter's focus on wages and working conditions, with much of the industry's working force unorganized or in independent unions. (In 1918, the Oil Workers Union called for nationalization.) Those who are certain that the new market force making for responsibility in modern capitalism lies in the competition among similar industries, such as coal, oil, gas, hydroelectric power and atomic energy, would do well to examine the structure of control of each of these industries to see how far they tend to merge and the policies to see where they diverge. Oil's great ability to engage in expensive research, its control over natural gas and its expanding interest in shale oil, chemicals, uranium and atomic power suggest the direction of this "new competition," if the choice is left to oil. And as now constituted, responsibility to the power of the people exercised through their government tends to be minimal if not farcical.

Even if one is prepared to accept corporate paternalism as a way of life, there has been ample evidence that what is good for oil is not necessarily good for the United States. Dealings with the Nazi state and I. G. Farben, the withholding of research data on synthetic rubber from the United States Armed Forces while giving such information to Germany (described as "traitorous" by then Senator Truman), interfering in the domestic affairs of foreign countries, and the choking off of possible compe-

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tition from synthetic fuel are but a few contemporary illustrations.

Not the least of the consequences of the interaction between the concentrated private power of oil and the more diffused public power of government when dealing with oil is the effect on standards of political morality. As the correlation between campaign contributions and voting behavior becomes closer, a clearcut definition of bribery fades. Speaking invitations at extravagant fees become techniques for aiding the public careers and private exchequers of sympathetic legislators. Throughout the country candidates of differing political persuasion admit to "running scared" lest they offend oil interests. A liberal Senatorial candidate in the West refuses to make oil an issue, although it is basic to the economic future of his state: "I don't want to start up now; I have enough troubles." A vigorous opponent of oil and other corporate interests, aiming for higher office, is offered financial help by a Texas oil millionaire if he would enter the primaries in his state against a liberal Democrat. He rejects the behind-the-scenes proposal and later explains his refusal to publicize the letter: After all C—— was doing a decent thing, offering me money. This is the game of politics, and I respect his confidences. It is not fair to C——, so we won't publish it. I want to play the game right. This happens all the time."

Oil litigation is so lucrative as to provide a constant source of temptation or at least a thought in the minds of many political figures and government lawyers. Rare are the able regulatory officials who cannot report discussions with the regulated interests of the greener pastures that could lie ahead if they would behave more co-operatively while in office. "I know of practically no ex-federal official, now a lawyer in Washington, who doesn't have oil or gas clients," observed one top-level public officeholder who has dealt with the industry. It would be valuable for citizens to know how many Congressmen either are in the oil business, have leases or stock, or are members of law firms that have oil and gas clients. An alert newspaper reader is aware of Sen. Robert Kerr's activities in behalf of gas and oil and those of Sen. John Bricker whose law firm represents the East Ohio Gas Company. A veteran Washington figure estimates that perhaps 20 percent of the Congress are so involved. But no one will ever have even an approximation until public officials show a willingness and citizens an interest in having the former's private assets a matter of record.

But again the primary problem here is not that of "weak" individuals. The spotlight belongs more on law makers and respectable men with bulging brown brief cases entering the portals of government rather than on law breakers and furtive men with little black bags using side entrances of hotels. Government policy on oil has increasingly become indistinguishable from the private policies of oil, with this development carried to new extremes under an administration which holds as principle that government ought to be in the hands of the concerned business community, that is, that part of government which is not already turned over outright to private control. The resultant corruption has not been of individual men or even of programs for oil, but of the very concept of public policy.

DURING the past year there have been before the Congress a number of major legislative issues involving oil and gas. Foremost of these were the regulation of natural gas producers and the extension of reciprocal trade. Less conspicuous but also important were the renewal of the Interstate Oil Compact as well as the final disposal of the government-owned synthetic rubber plants and the continuation of the shale-oil synthetic fuel work at Rifle, Colorado. A long-awaited recommendation on the oil-depletion tax allowance has been expected from the Treasury Department. In each of these instances, the initiative or primary interest as well as the political organizing drive with regard to oil policy has come from the industry. Neither political party has shown an inclination to fill the policy vacuum.

Needed is a thorough Congressional examination of the entire scope of public policy toward oil, ranging from the role of the Interior Department and the assumptions of our antitrust actions to the concept of sub-surface mineral rights and the place and control of oil in our national energy and fuel picture. Alternative solutions to present problems must be considered, including the possibilities of further regulation and status as a public utility. The direct political influence of oil throughout the nation also needs to be studied in order that the lobbying, financial and public-relations efforts of the industry may become visible to legislators and citizens.

There have been many oil investigations in the past, but the power and complexity of oil make them difficult. A document in Ida Tarbell's famous study describes one such inquiry in 1876 as "conducted in a dilatory manner" with "a prominent member of the Standard Oil Company, and not a member of Congress, presiding behind the seat of the chairman." And in 1879 William H. Vanderbilt of the Central Railroad told the Hepburn Committee in New York that the heads of Standard Oil were very shrewd men: "I don't believe that by any legislative enactment or anything else through any of the States or all of the States, you can keep such men down . . . they will be up on top all the time." Investigators always have to cope with the apparent monopoly of knowledge about oil that the industry enjoys. And collectively oil possesses more experience as well as direction and backing in dealing with government than public servants have in their dealings with oil. But there *are* also those in public office who know the industry well and are not awed by its studied technique of making technological and economic descriptions incomprehensible.

To get at the "permeability of oil" they will need to

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recall an exchange between the painstaking Sen. Gerald Nye and the then chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana who had been receiving and putting away "mysterious" Liberty Bonds that featured so prominently in Teapot Dome. The annoyed witness said that all Nye was proving was that he had a "bigger bump of curiosity than I have," to which Nye replied, "If we had not had a material bump of curiosity on this committee, we never would have gotten much information."

They may also need another old-fashioned American trait — a sense of moral indignation. For if the experiences of Senators LaFollette, Walsh, Nye and other investigators of the political consequences of economic power are any guide, their efforts will be dismissed as "politically inspired" and the "muckraking" of respected citizens will be deplored — unless of course the press chooses to ignore them entirely. Few newspaper editorials will ask about the motives of those who will fight to prevent any investigation.

The most recent major petroleum investigation was conducted in the summer of 1953 by the Republican-controlled House Interstate Commerce Committee. It concerned an industry-wide rise in the prices of oil and gasoline. "These hearings will be put in lavender mothballs" was the cryptic comment of an American Petroleum Institute staff member. "There will never even be a report issued." He was right.

Admittedly the chances of a full-scale investigation now are not great, given the power of the oil Democrats and the eagerness of many of their more liberal colleagues for a "harmonious" party in 1956. The Democratic National Committee ducked on "tidelands," despite the courageous position of its 1952 standard bearer, just as the party is generally indecisive on oil matters. Neither the Buchanan lobbying nor Celler monopoly investigations ever touched oil. The 1954 *Democratic Fact Book* discussed "giveaways," but was silent on offshore oil, save with regard to oil for education *beyond* the three or ten-and-a-half-mile historic boundaries. After studying the new Congressional committee chairmanship changes, one oil trade paper had as a 1954 post-election headline, "Election Results May Help Rather Than Hurt Oil Industry." And as a familiar footnote, the law firm of the new Democratic Chairman Paul Butler represents the major oil company of the Midwest, Standard of Indiana, as well as Socony.

Certainly such initiative is unlikely to come from the Administration. Oil's major goals and the Republican natural resources policies dovetail too well. Oil thinks it should dictate policy, and the present government wants it to. At least under Harold Ickes and his Democratic successors, the feeling if not always the practice was that public oil policy affecting the nation should be publicly determined.

A Congressional inquiry may not solve the basic problem of the power of oil. Tougher questions than are likely to be raised in the climate of 1955 must be asked about the ability of present democratic political institutions to deal with the structure of power in American society, of which oil is one segment. Part of the answer involves keeping other energy resources competitive and in the fullest public development of atomic energy. Proposals for regulation or for genuinely public participation in the formulation of the American government's oil policy are repeatedly attacked. "Hell, that's socialism in the raw," commented an API staff member about Republican Rep. John Heselton's proposals in this direction. And it is logical to assume that if oil comes under more public scrutiny and direction its political activities will increase, as will the industry's moving further toward controlling the machinery of government affecting oil. The industry's deliberate manipulation of the historic symbols of this culture — "grass roots," "states' rights," "private enterprise" — will intensify. And no concept has more significance here than "oil is progressive." For the essence of the classic liberal faith is belief in progress. Questions about private power and public purpose seem out of order in a culture where things are always getting better.

OUR heritage is individualistic, but our problems are collective. Our economic code has been "get yours." Big oil represents "getting yours" in its most developed form. Where we have been alarmed we have inveighed against its successes. What seems required is a re-examination of the Code itself. Our historic fears of concentrated public power are preeminently justified by the repeated experiences of men practically everywhere with government as coercive and irresponsible tyranny. They have been translated in America into political institutions whose premises have been the diffusion of public power. Yet the problem now is how to deal with a concentrated private and international government of oil. It suggests the need for an approach to politics which develops a framework of private initiative and government power that can be both creative and responsible. It requires a recognition of the roots of the tensions of a highly industrialized society and the creation of a social environment within which democratic values can flourish.

The industry may be betting that the American people don't give a damn about private power and public policy so long as they can speed 60 miles an hour on a no-stop thruway in a two-toned sedan filled with high-test gasoline reinforced by the latest secret additive. They may be right.

[This concludes Mr. Engler's study of "Oil and Politics." All six articles are available on request. Address your order to New Republic, 1826 Jefferson Pl., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Enclose 50c for the complete series. Special rates on order of 20 or more.]

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The Superficial Aspect

Honor Thy Father

The Pentagon, it seems, is about to compel us to revise our estimate of Mr. Philip Wylie. Most of us, admitting that the gentleman is an ingenious and interesting writer, have however catalogued him with Swift and Voltaire, rather than with Jeremy Bentham and John Locke. But recent events indicate that the Pentagon is taking Mr. Wylie's doctrine of Momism as seriously as the world ever took Utilitarianism or Empiricism. Wylie is erected into a political philosopher—and what a surprise it must be to him!

Despite the fog of secrecy that shrouds the most ordinary activities of the Pentagon the world has learned twice within recent weeks that commissions in the armed services have been denied otherwise qualified men because their Moms are, or have been, perhaps not Communists, but suspected, or at least accused, of harboring, or of having harbored in the past, ideas bearing some resemblance to ideas frankly avowed by Communists. The doctrine of Momism assumes that every American fighting man is dominated by his Mom, so it follows that whatever Mom is, or has been, her son is, or is likely to become. Naturally, commissions cannot be issued to men however sturdy physically and brilliant intellectually, if they are doomed by Momism to go over to the Kremlin.

Perhaps it should be interjected here that, even as Karl Marx never was a Marxist, so Philip Wylie never was a Momist. He merely raised the alarm.

But let that pass for the moment and consider the effect of this doctrine upon the status, not of the young man, but of Mom herself. It is not altogether happy. It lays a new responsibility on the old girl, and she was already carrying a considerable load. From time immemorial it has been incumbent upon her to express in the hearing of the children only such opinions as the pastor would approve. Now she must express, in addition to that, only such as the Colonel would approve.

But how can she know what the Colonel thinks? The answer is, she can't. God only knows what a Colonel thinks when, as, and if he thinks. More than that it is highly doubtful that what a Colonel of Infantry thinks is what a Colonel of Artillery thinks, while a Colonel of the Air Force flatly disagrees with both. Mom simply has no standard of measurement.

Obviously, the only prudent course for her is to express no opinions whatsoever, and to be sure of expressing none she ought to have none. Yet if she reads much, or listens to intelligent conversation, it is not humanly possible for her to avoid forming opinions. It follows, then, that the doctrine of Momism implies that Mom should not learn to read or ever exchange an intelligent word. She should go into purdah.

Of course, this will not be universally admitted because outside the Pentagon the doctrine of Momism is not universally accepted. Many of us can cite instances of American sons who were not dominated by Mom. Some of us can even name Moms who have worked hard, long and successfully to teach their sons to think for themselves and not be dominated by anybody.

Indeed, there are those who go to the extreme of asserting that the young American who is dominated by his Mom is not a man, but a squashy marshmallow who makes the worst kind of soldier. He can learn the manual of arms and squads-east-and-west under the tutelage of a hard-boiled Sergeant, but if he ever gets into a really hot spot where the Sergeant is killed at the first crack, he will know how to do nothing except stand around and either be killed himself or captured.

Indeed, the Air Force seems to be proceeding on the theory that it is the normal fate of an American soldier to surrender, and has gone to extraordinary lengths to teach its men how to conduct themselves after they have surrendered. Momism seems to have reached its furthest bound in that branch of the service.

Moss-backed reactionaries who repudiate Momism and all that it implies were horrified less by the brutality of the Air Force indoctrination against brain-washing than by the assumption that it is essential to teach an American fighting man how to be a good prisoner of war. The old idea was to teach him not to be a PW of any kind, good or bad, because the finest corps of PW's on earth can do nothing to win a war; and the old idea still appeals to a great many people.

But there is no room for old ideas in the new dispensation that accepts guilt by association. Especially is there no room for the old idea that every American stands on his own two feet, responsible for his own acts, and not at all for what his Mom did when she was young and giddy or even when she was old and gray. Yet we did pretty well under the old idea, and there are those who think that it stiffened a man's backbone more effectively than it can be stiffened by living in constant fear of having his career ruined when some official keyhole-peeper earns his 30 pieces of silver by revealing that Mom got lit on bathtub gin and sang *The Internationale* in a speakeasy in 1925.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Thomas Mann: The Somber and the Satiric

by Victor Lange

IT seems curiously appropriate that Thomas Mann's career should have been concluded with two works that represent, however different in purpose and style, something like a summary of his intellectual tenets and his manner as a writer. His recent memorial essay on Schiller and the elaborately contrived *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man* are both unmistakably pieces of ironic self-portraiture: the one solemn and rhetorical, the other the very essence of Mann's immensely entertaining gift for the projection of an ambiguous human situation. What both set forth is the central theme of all of Mann's fiction: the victory of perception over the obtuseness of nature. Poet and swindler alike, each in his way, resist the confounding interplay of appearance and reality; both assert their resources of understanding and performance in order to achieve freedom. Krull no less than Schiller is in this sense the very image of the artist, the symbol, the myth itself, of the creative human being.

The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man, by Thomas Mann, translated by Denver Lindley (Knopf; $4.50).

The tale of Krull, we must remember, was begun more than 40 years ago, at a time when Mann's profoundly skeptical view of the relationship between the artist and society might well have led him to write a burlesque satire on the stupid bourgeoisie falling victim to an enviably sensitive and refined swindler. The early chapters of this projected apotheosis of the mountebank were ready before the first World War. But *Death in Venice* and *The Magic Mountain* pushed Krull into the background; only a few further chapters were published in 1937, and it was not until one major novel after another—*Lotte in Weimar*, the stories of *Joseph* and *Doctor Faustus* —was completed that Thomas Mann once more turned to what he always regarded as one of his favorite characters.

Dr. Lange, professor of German Literature at Cornell University, is the author of several studies on contemporary writing.

At the end of the earlier fragment the handsome and pleasing-voiced novice in the craft of deception has just attained a spectacular victory by persuading his draft-board (through a dazzling display of various pathological symptoms) to declare him unfit for service in the army. This triumph of will-power and of effectively displayed eloquence releases young Felix from the vicissitudes of his early life as the son of a vivacious but soon bankrupt producer of a miserable German champagne seductively labelled "Loreley extra cuvée." Those who know Mann's early work will in these first hilarious chapters recognize countless figures, incidents, mannerisms of speech and gesture such as made *Buddenbrooks* so incomparably entertaining.

Krull is now ready to enter the grand world: through the generous efforts of his god-father, Professor Schimmelpreester he finds himself in Paris, employed by the Hotel Saint James and Albany first as liftboy and soon as a waiter who functions demurely yet with supreme elegance in a world for whose hierarchical order he has the profoundest respect. By a twist of fate he is enabled to lift a substantial collection of jewels, which allows him to lead a double life as waiter and dandy. One of his guests discovers him dining in a fashionable restaurant and convinced of Krull's evident breeding and delighted by his capacity for self-effacing disguise induces him to exchange names and to take on the chore of travelling in his place around the world as the Marquis Venosta of Luxemburg. Krull prepares for this journey with much care: his effortless talents as forger prove to be invaluable. He travels first to Portugal where a chance acquaintance, the distinguished paleontologist Kuckuck becomes his host. Kuckuck's wife and daughter and the prospect of a series of spectacular entertainments, among them a reception at court, easily induce Krull for the time being to postpone his passage to South America.

This is the bare outline of the present volume of Krull's memoirs; a sequel was to follow but not more than a few notes were actually written down before Mann's death. What we have is a self-sufficient masterpiece of storytelling so clear-cut in structure and swift-moving in pace that these adventures of a disarmingly bright rascal *seem* little more than a string of farcical anecdotes. The novel is actually one of the most intricate examples of Mann's craft. If some readers of the first published chapters may be inclined to feel that Krull's escapades in the latter half of the book lack the sharp verve of the early pages, they will nevertheless marvel at the ease with which the new material is almost seamlessly joined to the old. Only one brief passage is altered, at the end of the fourth chapter of the second book: as Krull roams through the wintry streets of Frankfurt he notices two young people—"of foreign appearance"—perhaps brother and sister—stepping on to the hotel balcony, happy and excited, pointing out to each other whatever they find enchanting in the passing life below. This vignette of only eight lines Mann enlarges in the final version to several pages; and it is this single change that promises for the subsequent chapters of the book a shift in tone and an increase in philosophical depth.

FROM this point on Mann fully develops the resources of symbolic fiction: what was originally a mere flash of observed reality now becomes for Krull a vision, an epiphany, remembered in a variety of keys whenever he encounters the magic, the enchantment of life. To capture, to master this magic with ever greater refinement of sense and intelligence is Krull's single-minded purpose: he is clearly of the family of Mario's magician. Again and again he asserts his calling and his destiny. As he watches, early in the third book, the dazzling feats of the performers in the circus he glances for a moment sidewise at his companion Stanko who appears to have surrendered to this intoxicating cas-

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cade in blank, passive enjoyment. "This," he reflects,

> . . . was not my style at all nor my way of meeting experience . . . I seized on every detail with passionate attention. This was surrender; but in it there was . . . an element of rebellion. I exerted a kind of counter-pressure against the overwhelming flood of impressions. . . . The crowd around me seethed with joy and merriment—I, however, in some measure shut myself off from their seething and yearning, cooly, like someone who was a member of the profession, who belonged to the performers. Not as a member of the circus profession or a performer of the *salto mortale* . . . but as an entertainer and illusionist. . . . The crowd merely enjoyed, and enjoyment is a passive condition that will never satisfy one who feels himself born to act and to achieve.

Born to act and to achieve—this is the mainspring of Krull's faith. He is possessed by an unflagging, a truly heroic power of determination to win in a world where his lowly origins would ordinarily not permit him to succeed. But to win not merely the vulgar appurtenances of success, money, social distinction, respect. What he means to gain is the most treasured prize of human effort: the attainment of spiritual freedom, the freedom not of conventional action but of living symbolically. Having been rejected as a draftee he is tempted to regret that he is now barred from a world "where a sense for the natural hierarchy is so highly developed"; but he soon realizes that he is mistaken:

> For although the martial severity, self-discipline and danger have been the conspicuous characteristics of my strange life, its primary prerequisite and basis has been freedom, a necessity completely irreconcilable with any kind of commitment to a grossly factual situation. Accordingly, if I live *like* a soldier it would have been a silly misapprehension that I should therefore live *as* a soldier; yes, if it is permissible to describe and define intellectually an emotional treasure as noble as freedom, then it may be said that to live like a soldier but not as a soldier, figuratively but not literally, to be allowed, in short, to live symbolically, spells true freedom.

Freedom is here as elsewhere in Mann's thoroughly German universe a state of mind more formal, more abstract than we are commonly prepared to accept. It amounts for Krull to a destruction in terms of artistic performance of the discrepancy between appearance and reality—a theme that the nineteenth century from the romantics and Marx to Nietzsche and Freud never ceased to debate. What indeed could be a more Nietzschean proposition than Krull's own challenge to a life unaware of the power of illusion and his delight in the mask as the device of power?

If we should be struck by the fact that Krull the swindler leads a life so infinitely better than all the representatives of ostensible virtue taken together it is because Mann uses him at once directly and obliquely: he is in one sense a true representative of the nineteenth century whose manners he embodies. But he acts at the same time as the questioning intelligence that doubts the validity of all "natural" assumptions. It is part of the comic design of the book that Krull never ceases to assure us of his respectability, of his sense of decorum, his desire to belong to the best families. He, we are reminded over and again, is "made of finer clay"; he hopes that these confessions (written, we gather, in the penitentiary) will find the approval of a "cultivated public." "Das gebildete Publikum"—what could be a more fittingly German object of Krull's moral and literary aspirations? The entire work is composed in that manner of narrative autobiography that is familiar to the "cultivated German" through Goethe's *Poetry and Truth;* and Krull's journey towards self-realization is something of a *Bildungsroman* in the tradition of *Wilhelm Meister.*

The English translation, able though on the whole it is, cannot possibly convey the countless whiffs of Teutonic atmosphere: the little sentimental ditty of "Freut Euch des Lebens" (not, as the translator has it, a Strauss melody!) that reverberates as a melancholy leitmotif through the book, or those innumerable stilted expressions of the German *Bildungsphilister.* Nor can it be easy to detect and appreciate the many Goethean turns of phrase, the half-familiar quotations that Mann has woven into Krull's memoirs. None of these allusions and borrowing is, of course, to be taken literally. They are echoes, artfully evoked, telescopic tools in the hands of an exceedingly calculating novelist. They suggest, indirectly, something about Krull's own function: to make himself, as Krull is resolved to do, the master of all the possible forms of the culture within which he operates. To learn to manipulate them with the ultimate playfulness of the performer is at the same time to test them as to their integrity and durability. Merely to imitate Goethe would be cheap, to ape the bourgeois would be an empty gesture.

It is here that Mann's infinite allusiveness and Krull's wholly derivative speech take on the creative character of parody. For what else is parody but the rendering with meticulous precision of the familiar, perhaps all-too familiar gestures of a person or an epoch, and by doing so to illuminate it with critical understanding? Parody, Thomas Mann himself has said, is synonymous with culture. It is when we become aware of the determined use of parody not only in speech or attitude but in the narrative action itself, when we attempt to justify the repetition of precisely the same situation in a series of progressively modulated, more abstract contexts—the train trip, the theft of the jewels, the cosmogonic conversation etc.—that we appreciate the refined use to which all the elements of plot are put for the sake of symbolic intention.

Here as in other great works of our time a maximum of possible meaning is contrived by an altogether synthetic procedure. This can be most tellingly demonstrated by pointing to that curious encounter in the dining car of the Lisbon train with the paleontologist Kuckuck. There, in what may seem an ill-fitting parade of abstruse learning, Krull, for the first time awed into near silence, is led to contemplate the vast matter of the origin and character of life. These surprisingly moving pages contain, in an extravagant web of images, at once the scientific facts and the mythical symbols of creation. They are designed not merely to entertain either Krull or the reader, but to shed light in the most fitting form on the ramifications of an experience that could not possibly be represented in the terms of conventional realistic fiction.

In his notes on *Doctor Faustus* Mann speaks of his ever increasing inclination to see life "as a product of culture and in the shape of mythical clichés." This is one of the keys to *Krull,* it is from beginning to end a texture of highly elaborate—at times almost operatic—"mythical clichés." The effect of their

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use is greatest and perhaps most shocking where Thomas Mann brings into full play all his resources of imagination and speech in order to lay bare the true limits of Krull's condition. That gay fellow who seems so utterly carefree and proud is in fact abysmally lonely. His conviviality is detached and formal and an understanding of love comes to him only late.

But here, as in all other novels of Mann, the idea—half Platonic half Wagnerian—of redemption through love merges as the crowning myth. Again and again Krull finds himself involved in adventures of sex, each indicative of another degree in his understanding of their bearing on the issue of freedom. The most absurd of all is that scandalizing parody of the seduction of Krull-Hermes by the authoress Diane that ends in the shrieking rhythms of mock-heroic alexandrines. It is only after the "cosmogonic eros" has seized him that Felix can deliver himself of the final peroration on the efficacy of love. The principle of "one-in-two" that has determined his whole life now seems to presage damnation; it is love that offers "closeness." Closeness "otherwise oppressive to the point of suffocation" becomes the essence of all that is desirable. Freedom separates, love alone may offer resolution. Krull, with all his cogent and persuasive eloquence, is not as yet himself mature enough to act accordingly. It is Madame Kuckuck and not her ingenuous daughter who completes his sentimental education. With a Valkyrian "Holé! Helo! Ahé!" she seizes him in a whirlwind of primordial forces and bears him into the realm of ecstasy.

The resolution of the paradoxical tension between appearance and reality Krull might never achieve in the course of his life. Is he not bound to end like Till Eulenspiegel or Don Giovanni or even Faust himself? It is a resolution that may be accomplished only in the created myth of a work such as this last performance, which more gaily than any of his previous novels epitomizes the range and the commanding power of Thomas Mann's belief in the sturdiness of the spirit. "My dear mother in Luxemburg would certainly never have believed that I could possibly have spoken thus and would no doubt have put down my report as nothing but a fine fiction. But I swear on my honor that is how I spoke, for it just came to me."

THEATRE

Othello on film and on the stage.

TO MENTION Orson Welles in any company, literary or theatrical, is to call forth tired jokes about his failure. Yet, to my mind, this man who bids fair to be only another of the disasters of the American theatre, could have been one of its chief glories. At a time when indignation about social evils and fascination with mental abnormality have been accepted as substitutes for the dramatic sense, Orson Welles has that rare gift—a specifically theatrical imagination. Someone has said that the actor's task is not to live on stage but to make the stage live, and none has known this better than Orson Welles, or known better what, as stage director, to do about it. By consequence, his best work stands out not merely as meritorious, but as potentially epoch-making — as work that might have given the whole history of theatre a different turn. "But yet the pity of it, Iago, oh Iago, the pity of it, Iago." Here is only, it would seem, yet another American story of self-destruction; Orson Welles seems as thoroughly lost as any member of the lost generation. From the Boy Wonder, the wonder has gone, if not the boyhood.

And so we get these pathetically puerile entertainments: the movie *Macbeth* with Scotch accents affected by assorted amateurs from Utah, the Paris production of Marlowe's *Faustus* with excruciating interpolations by the Boy Wonder, only accepted because the audience didn't understand English. And now *Othello,* a film bad from every point of view and for every public. It is, technically, gauche, the dialogue being all too obviously dubbed. It lacks popular appeal, as the story is neither simply nor skilfully told. To connoisseurs of Shakespeare, it can only be torture. And to the dwindling number of Welles admirers, the unhappy few among whom I count myself, it is one more disappointment. One is tempted to say that, while Shakespeare turned a sensational tale into high tragedy, Orson Welles has turned the tragedy back into a sensational tale. But this is to flatter Mr. Welles, who shows no sense of narrative, that is, of the procession of inci-

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dents, but only an interest in the incidents themselves—no, not even that, but only an interest in separate moments within the incidents, and this just for the opportunity they offer for effects, visual and auditory. Many of these effects are superb. Who but Welles would have given the curtain rings such a strident sound? Who but he would have set the opening of the temptation scene (Act 3, scene 3) to the clump of the actors' shoes on stone? If there were a real mind in charge of the production as a whole, Orson Welles would be the greatest assistant director of all time.

Yet if his failure as director is partial, as actor it is complete. Is Othello fat? Does he look as if he had a hangover? I am sure there are fat actors who could play the part. And Kean himself used to fortify his performances with brandy. But must not the fat actor seem to lose his fatness? And, as to alcohol, for all I know Mr. Welles was dead sober when the shots were taken. An actor has to look sober when he is drunk; if Mr. Welles looks drunk when he is sober, he is all the less an actor. At any rate, the Othello we meet at the outset should be soldierly, not to say heroic, and happy, not to say romantically ecstatic, whereas Orson Welles, on the screen, looks pudgy, sleepy, self-indulged, and miserable. On top of which, he never acts, he is photographed—from near, from far, from above, from below, right side up, upside down, against battlements, through gratings, and the difference of angle and background only emphasizes the flatness of that profile, the rigidity of those lips, the dullness of those eyes, the utter inexpressiveness and antitheatricality of a man who, God save the mark! was born a theatrical genius. *The Daily Worker* has missed a trick if it hasn't held up Mr. Welles as a prize example of individualistic, bourgeois culture in decay. To which I suggest they add that the whole film is a precise example of formalistic decadence. Very much an Art Film, *Othello* is a rag-bag of the ideas of yesterday's avant-garde. In 1955 Orson Welles has caught up with the Cocteau of 1920—or perhaps one should say with the Gordon Craig of 1910—or even the Henry Irving of 1880, for the musical processionals with which the film opens and closes are very old-fashioned compared with the Hollywood *Julius Caesar* of two years ago. Even a Wellesite like myself, interested in each image as it impinges on the retina, sadly realizes at the close that the images add up to nothing.

It is very different with the *Othello* that has just been staged at City Center by the Brattle players. Here we forego the splendors of Italy, the ingenuities of the camera, and a list of famous names in the cast, but the drama as Shakespeare wrote it is communicated to us tolerably complete. There are some obvious limitations, notably an Othello (William Marshall) who has still to learn the trade of Shakespearean acting. Mr. Marshall looks like Othello, and hurls himself at the part with great sincerity. It is the craft which, as yet, is lacking, and he might start by learning how many syllables there are in a blank-verse line and where the accents fall. (Not that Orson Welles can teach him. Unless I'm mistaken the film contains the line: "It is the cause, it is the cause, *O* my soul.") And it may have been Mr. Marshall who led the director (John Stix) into neglecting the poetry of the play and trying to make up for the loss with a plethora of props and the "business" they call for. Instead of a song, we are given a harp. Ladies spread cloths over benches for no reason, and gentlemen sit and write letters we know nothing about. Such is the madness of naturalism. But, by and large, the play moves along with a simplicity and a swing that are a fine achievement in a young company. Certain individual performances stand out from a general competence. Michael Wager gives what I imagine is the finest performance of his career so far as Roderigo. In future he should play character parts, not juveniles; he has the command of language so lacking in Mr. Marshall plus a real sense of the grotesque and weak. Paul Sparer brings to Cassio some of the dignity of tragic acting with a good deal of the ambiguity, irony, and pathos of the modern manner. Cavada Humphrey's Emilia is the most perfect creation of the evening: a fully-rounded character, just right at each individual moment, but also moving in a single curve from the first instant to the last. Of Jerome Kilty's Iago, which has been criticized for a lack of grandeur, I would say this. A Shakespeare part is made up of speeches, and each speech contains a series of points. If it is the mark of a good actor that he makes all these points, and of the average actor that he lets the words simply tumble off his lips as they may, then Mr. Kilty is a very good actor indeed. Every point is made, and, when appropriate, with finesse and wit. One of the worst features of the Welles film is humorlessness; tragedy is extraordinarily dependent on humor, and, most of all, the tragedy of *Othello* in which the villain is comic. Knowing this, Mr. Kilty is able to keep not only his part but the play itself crisp and crackling. The whole production, steering a middle course between the older and newer fashioned (between sing-song on the one hand and mumbling on the other, between empty pageantry and irrelevant gimmicks), makes one feel that something is being done for Shakespeare in this country without importations either from Hollywood or London.

ERIC BENTLEY

A Visit Home

IN my sixties I will buy a hat
and wear it as my father did,
at the corner of Central and Main.

There may be flowers by the courthouse window,
and rich offices where those town-men
cheated him in 1929.

For calculation has exploded—
boom, war, oilwells, and, God!
the slow town-men eyes and blue-serge luck.

But at the dor of the library I'll lean my cane
and put my hand again on buckshot
books: Dewey, Parrington, Veblen . . .

There will be many things in the slant of my hat
at the corner of Central and Main.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

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TELEVISION

THORNTON WILDER'S simple play about simple people, *Our Town,* cost around $400,000 to produce the other evening as a 90-minute NBC "spectacular" jointly sponsored by two unsimple organizations, Ford and RCA. It will perhaps still be generally agreed even in the present inflated period that $400,000 is a lot of money. For contrast, the original Broadway production of *Our Town,* starring the late Frank Craven, stood its producer around $35,000, a point to remember being that it was

Our Town on television.

presented on a bare stage with no scenery and only a few chairs and boxes for props. It promptly was accepted into the repertory of the modern theatre.

How explain the vertigo-inducing production budget of the television version? Scenery, for one item, was added. Television could not quite find the courage to dispense with sets, although these were kept very skeletal and very modest indeed for the medium. Even so, to design, construct, paint, truck and handle these sets, all at union scale, with a network studio overhead surcharge figured in, amounted to a five-figure charge against the budget. Music, too, was superimposed upon Wilder's simple yarn and such expensive composers and scorers as James Van Heusen, Sammy Cahn and Harry Sosnik were retained. Finally there was a bit of ballet added, requiring the services of a bigtime choreographer, Valerie Bettis.

A main item of expense was for the star, Frank Sinatra. This was $25,000. Hardly slumming, though away from motion pictures.

Weeks of script and technical preparation preceded going on the air. That means salaries for Producer Fred Coe, Director Delbert Mann and a bevy of studio craftsmen, none paid less than a bank vice-president at the peak of his career. Also charged against the budget was the royalty fee to Wilder ($5,000) and the adaptation fee to the television script writer ($3,500) and the various supporting players, dancers, musicians, and a crew of perhaps 75 during the final days of live camera rehearsal.

And what did the viewing public get for all the money laid out by the sponsors? I think it a balanced judgment to say they got a very good show. I have mental reservations about the gilding of the lily with a song about "Love and Marriage" and having seen the Broadway play I must make the invidious comparison which the mass audience cannot make between the consummate artistry of Frank Craven and the pretty-plausible talent of Frank Sinatra, for whom presumably the songs were added. But otherwise it seemed to me that much of Wilder's original quality survived the elaboration of spectacularization.

At first blush nothing could seem so improbable a vehicle for the bigger and better treatment than *Our Town.* It is essentially a mood piece, rich in feeling and humor but lacking in plot or suspense. Told in straight narration, the play is an amiable stroll among amiable folk in Grovers Corners, New Hampshire. One supposes that it touches the heart principally because Wilder's love of humanity shines through the simple, authentic New England dialogue.

Especially touching, I thought, was the scene at the soda fountain when the girl (Eva Marie Saint) and the boy (Paul Newman) realize their love, neither looking at the other, neither saying what he really is saying. How awful it would have been if music had "sneaked in behind" this scene. And this could happen on certain television programs even though long ago, in radio days, all directors were warned by Norman Corwin, "never louse up a love scene with fiddles!"

Television's "spectaculars" are shadowed by the temptation to bigness for its own sake. Something of the same danger currently troubles the moving picture screen since the widespread adoption of the CinemaScope method. I suppose one ought to cheer that *Our Town* kept so close to the original text and did not get smothered in spectacularity. If Sinatra offered something less than the recognizable prototype of a New Hampshire twang, he did manage the requisite conviction. All in all it was a program that came close to and occasionally embraced distinction, and that's a lot for television.

We come back to the $400,000. The inevitable question presents itself, the money's-worth question, the relatedness of the result to the cost. But there is no pat answer. Long before the present season, television program costs destroyed all the norms of entertainment cost. The advertiser in gambling upon attracting and holding the attention of a substantial portion of the nation can easily be persuaded, especially in a time of business boom and tax deductibility, that it's cheap no matter the price.

I hated the musical score, the spectacularity factor at the very end when following the deeply poignant return of the heroine, now in her grave, to her twelfth birthday the superbly realized dramatic writing of Wilder was jarred by the script, gotta-get-off-the-air-on-coming in of Frank Sinatra to sing. Never was a song-plug so out of place.

Still I think given the dubious decision of musicalizing a classic of dramatic prose, television displayed a good deal of artistic integrity.

WENDELL BROGEN

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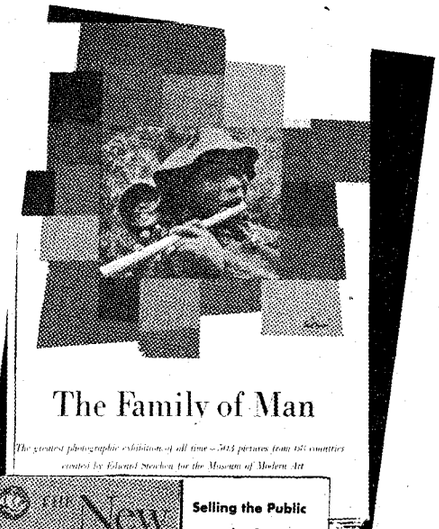

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